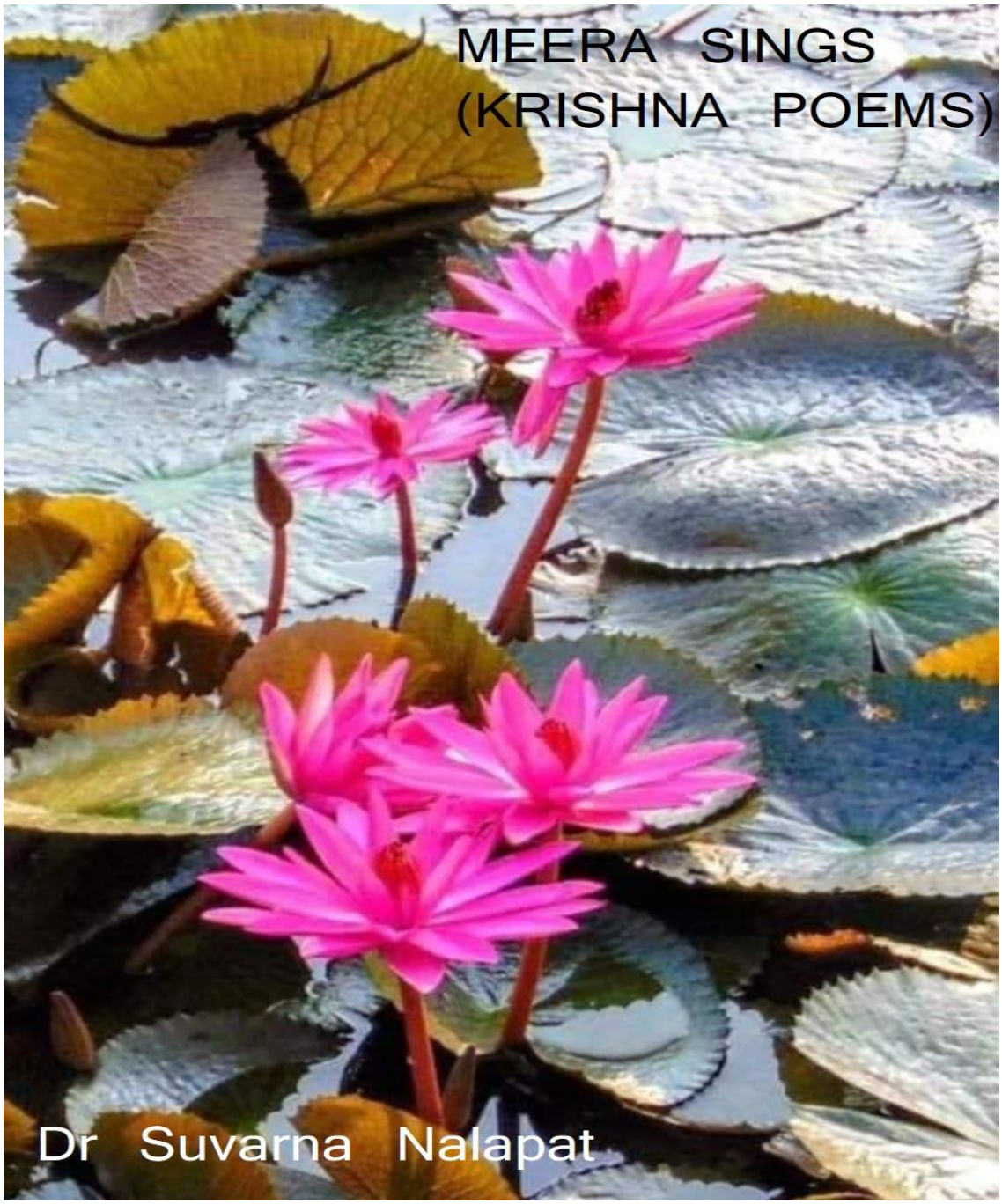
MEERA SINGS



Dr Suvarna Nalapat

CONTENTS

1.You and I

2.Krishna

3.Guru and Vayu

4.January blossoms

5.the ocean of nectar

6.footsteps of Krishna

7.Krishna

8.life and death

9.Mera sings

10The fourth state(thureeya)

11.kaaliya

12.Krishna

13.Brahmavidya

14.Meera’s life

15.Rugmani

16.swayamvara

17.Not a dream

18.kubja

19. AN OFFERING (POEMS BY BALAMANI AMMA) Translated

1.You and I

I am a blue pearl decorating a blue body

A peacock feather in a soft crown

Starry garland in a shining hair.

I am soft music within a lovely flute

Awakened into a golden wavy ocean

A golden yellow silky garment

Waving in breeze in a raasa dance.

My throat and heart pains,stifled

Remembering a lost familiar song

And a lost face through thousands of births
I have known the essence of art
From a smiling face of a cowherd
Hey,Giridhar Krishna,
The one who stole Meera's mind,
You are everything
You are me
And I you,
Aham Brahmasmi is just a word
When we are one
In a split second of ecstacy.

A golden star beyond,
A waveless ocean within
A thousand petalled lotus blooms
Blissful moments passby,unending.
I wait patiently forever
To offer the timeless garland of yugaas
At your feet when you come!
Listening only to Thy music
I have become a star to merge in your blue expanse.
The music,the flower,the bliss personified,
The earth and heaven

And the meghmalhar
Awakened in your flute

The knowledge beyond all knowledge

The aesthetics of anesthesia

The consciousness within you

Which has lost its consciousness

Of you and me

2. Krishna

In my daydreams

I saw you within.The sweet voice,

Golden garments

And the peacock feather

And flute.

The sky as a blue jewel

And golden starry diamonds

Jasmine smell beyond a green foliage

Dancing brook’s jingling bells
Rhythmic footprints of my cowherd
In every nook and corner
In every sand particle
Every season
Every moment.
I bathe in its pure beauty
I hum only the raga”Krishna”
I chant only the manthra “Krishna”
I light only the lamp of your love
To enter the ocean of Brahma
As if a river in passionate love.

The chariot speds,time pass
Dusty smoke spreads
Sky and eyes are cloudy.
Vrindavan disappears
Kaalindi cries.
And you have left.
On your path bloom a
Thousand farm flowers
Sweet and fragrant as mine
.I haven’t known time.
I have turned old,
They say.
Then you return

As my Guru,my lifebreath

How can I sing without my Guru and lifebreath?

How can I live without them.

You have never left

You are everywhere

In everything,everyone

And in me too.

I know you

And love you

And live in you for you.

Singing,loving,

Your presence enriching my being

Oh,Krishna!!!

3.January blossoms

January blossoms,

Trying to catch the sun

To touch the moon

And the brilliant stars.

The twigs could not touch

The waves of ecstacy moved on.

Yet it spread around

Enwrapping every cell

Every moment,with an ecstacy of

Unfulfilled love,

The fragrance of her own petals

The sweetness of her own secret love

Bathed her life in an unending soft music

The music divine

The music of Krishna

The eternal lover.

4.The ocean of nectar

Is love poison?

For me it is nectar.

When body and passions enter

Love becomes poison

Love is not in body-mind realm

Which they call annamaya,manomaya,

It is ecstacy ,

Pure consciousness,

Bliss,anandamaya.

There is only sweet soft joy in it.The sky,the ocean,the rising sun

I enjoy without a label “Mine”

My love is like a sugarcube

Eaten by the dumb,

An ocean of nectar

In which I float,drown and and live

Unknown to anyone.

5.Footsteps of Krishna

A crowded lane,

You walked along,

With your retinue,

I waited on the side

For you to pass,

I heard your footsteps

In my heartbeats.

Suddenly ,

To my surprise,

And joy

You looked up

And in those deep yogic eyes

I saw the brightness of love

The sweetness of longing.

My heart missed a beat

And your footsteps lost.

The world had changed

I don’t know why and how!!!

My Krishna!

6.Krishna

Dewdrop waited

For his coming.

The light footsteps

The jingling bells

The sweet familiar melody of his flute.

He came

Without a sign,

In silence.

She saw him within ,

A thousandrayed sun reflected

And lost her identity in him.

Only nothingness remained,

Only her Krishna,

And his eternal music.

7.Life and death.

You are calling me,Krishna,

The yearning in it scorches me.

But forgive,

Your Radha cannot meet you.

Not because of you,but of me.

The years of sadhana

Austerities

Life of tapasya to attain you

I might loose all

In your scorching dazzling brightness,

My sun!

Yet I wait,

For the final laya

The death for my I

And life for our I.

8.Meera sings.

My blue jewel Krishna

The eternal ocean of light and ecstacy .

When I try to grab you

You escape like a golden wave,

Away,away….

From my greedy hand,my thirsty mind.

When you sing

I swim in an ocean

Of ecstacy

And my naughty cowherd

You embrace my mind,intellect and soul

Fill my soul with a deep sweet

milky ocean

Make me a wandering wave

Within you,

Then I know

Iam you

My Krishna,

I am the wave

And the ocean

And the etrnal listener

In you.

8.The fuorth state(thureeya)

I am Meera,

The dasi of Giridhar.

In my childhood

I saw him in idol

Put flowers on his body

Talked to him

Sang to him

And danced for him.

In youth

He became my lover.

I dreamt of a gandharva marriage

My mind became his abode/

Now ,

In old age,

I see him as rishi

My world has changed

With his coming

I cant see him

I cant see a separate me

There is only one

And that one is

I

Aham Brahmasmi.

The three stages

Morning,noon,evening

The sun has scaled my life

And I wait for the fourth

The thureeya

Where night

The pralaya of existence

Merge everything

In an embrace forever!

9.An offering

The sparks of love

The beads of prayer

The flowers of my heart

Fruits of my brain

I offer to you

My Krishna.

I thought I am vairagini

To my surprise

You proved

I am raagini.

How could it happen!

Sabari cant be Radha.

Gargi cant be satyabhama.

Then

Why do you play this

hide and seek?

My life is yours

I offer it to you.

Do not play with my passions

Take my compassion

And enjoy

Bliss of existence

Pure and eternal.

10.Kaaliya

He lived in kalindi

And you,the ocean of love

Called him for battle.

Krishna,

Your soft red feet

Like a newly opened flower
Made kadamba tree bloom
In a wave of ecstacy.
When you jumped into kalindi
She heaved a high wave
Of delight
Embracing your little body
Milky foams of love
Splashed
In her heaving bosom
Motherhood celebrating
The presence of Narayana
,as the celestial Nari,
Narayani.
Kaliya,
The cruel hatred
With a athousand hoods
Fire in them
Like a black volcano.
Ego and power
Constricting
A soft little body
.gokulam in terror
looked on
cries stifled
prayers unuttered

and you came out
unscathed
dancing feet,
jingling bells

we saw you dance
on banks of kalindi
on banks of milky way
in our hearts.
Singer ssing thy glory
Dancers dance with you
Earrings shine on cheeks
Drops of water
As silvery beads
The dance continue through ages
Cosmic rhythms
Embracing humble heads
Lowering the egoistic ones
.the raaginis come
see you
love you
pray for kaaliya.
“oh ,Krishna,
we heard of you
in childhood
thought of you

day ,night

loved you

bound by samsara,

the kaaliya

we know only him,

the kitchen

the attic

and he say we are His.

We know

We are yours.

A thousand housechores

Small simple

But many

Nonending

Keep us away from you.

We have no permission

To come to you.

Yet we dream of

That soft feet

Sacred to sages

Light lamps for your love.

Ocean of peace,

Love,bliss,

We know no veda

Nor geetha

Or scriptures.

We know only this samsara

And our love for you.

We cant live with this

Bondage

We have no desires

Just to love you

To see you

We need the samsara.

Give us back

The bondage

Bind us with the kaaliya

Of samsara

We prisoners

Only can dream

Of liberation

Can hope for a new day.

No bondage

No more dreams

Give back our dreams.

We decorate you with

Jewels on our thousand hoods

We embrace you in ecstacy of dreams

Our Love touch you

As breeze

Soft raagaa

Our ecstacy is

In search of you

The ocean of nectar.

Krishna,

Our raincloud,

We decorate you

With love

For a thousand janma

We drink the fire

Of samsara.

you are fire

We drink it

Internalize you.

Kindle that fire in us

We have to be fire

To be one with you

Krishna ,

Give back kaliya,

Our bondage

Our rajjusarpa,

The fiery serpent of suffering

To know you.

11 krishna

krish is earth

na is ecstacy

Krishna,

The ecstacy of earth.

Kris is earth

Th pathos

Christ takes away

Pathos from earth.

One gives ecstacy

One takes away suffering.

How can one give ecstacy

Without removing suffering?

Is it not

Two sides of the same coin?

Krishna,Christ

Cant see any difference

Why should one convert

When there is no second?

Only Brahma exists.

12.Brahmavidya

Krishna,

How many times

You came?

As my son,lover,

Guru ,father?

My mother,sister,

Brother,neighbour?

Janmaas rolled by

I saw you in me

With me

In every janma

Every yuga

Kalpa

I lost my egi in you

Everything

Gold and blue

Colour of you

Love of yours only

Everywhere

In flowing rivers

Rainclouds

Smile of a baby

Love of my dear ones

Everywhere e

Your face only.

Did you ever know

My love?

When I made garlands

To decorate you?

When I sang for you?

When I meditate on you?

And wrote on you?

Speak on you?

Which one you like best?

My childhood love?

Or these?

In all forms

Names

I see you

I cant hurt a jeeva

I might hurt you,then.

I cant hate anyone

Lest I may hate you.

I love the world

Since it is you.

And I love me too

Since I am you,

My Krishna!

13 Meera

.I am Meera,

Meera Rathod

Bhoja’s wife

Sisodia’s daughter-in-law

Historians say.

But who is rathod

And who bhoja

The sisodias?

I never knew.

I knew only a blue cloud

Shining

As a thousand suns

Within me

Captivating

Pouring out

Love in rapture

And a sweet melody

Pervading my being.

In infancy

He was idol

To play with

Talk

And decorate.

In youth

Everlasting fountain

Of love

Beauty

Celebration of

A womans

Love for man.

A melody remembered

Through janmaas

And internalized.

The twilight have come

Death near

He is still there

Smiling

Very near

I see my best friend

Philosopher

Guru

Soul of my soul

Mind of my mind

Intellect of my intellect

Me within me

In that advaitha

I know noone else.

I realized

My true self,

Krishna.

I merge in his

Blissful waters

Of love

Of pralaya

Purest of pure

Sweetest of sweetest

Where no Meera

Exists

Only Krishna.

Then I smile

When they say

I am Meera Rathod

Wedded to some Bhoja

Of sisodia.

I am Krishna

I am Meera’s lover.

How can I be Bhoja’s wife?

14 Rugmani

I count yaama

Of each night

As rudraakdha,waiting.

Then I heard your

Lotus feet

Touching my village

The green grass

Shining as your body

On my sapathni,earth

Beautiful.

I embraced her

Forgetting my envy.

Wore garments

Of swayamvaradurga

To meet you.

Carrying honey of love

In my face and mind

Pure as fullmoon

Clad in white clouds

I came to temple

Of Shivaa,

Your sister.

Without her love

Who can drink

Nectar of eternity

Of Achyutha?

I left my palace

My relatives

Nine doors of body

Ego

And reaced you’

As Jeevathma

To merge

In paramathma.

When we met

The first sight,

You watching me with

Your starry skyface

I watching the stars of your

Twinkling eyes

Naughty.

I see them

Day and night

In dhyana

Eyes open

Or closed,

Nothing else

I see

Nothing else

I remember.

Then ,

That look,

You made me yours

As if the sun

His ray,

You ,the nirguna

Nischala

Knew my thriguna

My gathi,

Gamaka,

My Geetha,

Nirayana becoming

Saayana

Brahma knowing

His prakrithy

Brihat knowing

His Rathanthara

Sree and sreenivaasa.

We are one.

15.swayamvara

I am veena

Singing,

Wandering

Looking for my Hari

Can my naada invoke my Lord?

His footprints engraved

On lotus of my heart

His sight bringing

Tears of joy to my eyes
Will he come just for me?
I yearn.

When he comes
I sing
A galand of raga
Just for him.
He is the pranava
In the conch of my throat.
Rain of nectar
In my nerves
Santhimanthra
In bow of thoughts
My love,
As burning Agneya arrow
Empty the ocean
Of samsaara.
I merge as a sigh
In a blue bosom
My ego makes
Sreevalsa
On a blue sky
My arms
Vanamala
On his shoulders

I have entwined

Hari on my bosom

With mangalyasoothra

Forever

Forever.

16.Not a dream

I saw a blue body

In dark eyes of night.

When I garlanded with Tulsi

Embraced

I lost myself.

The starry umbrella

Opened

Beneath it

His kind eyes,

I saw.

The pearl

The syamanthaka jewel

The Guru of my dreams arose

From yoganidra

On his sacred bed

In milky way

The eternal ocean.

I saw my friend

And lover

The most beautiful

HARI

It is not a lie

Not a dream

Not maya

Not fun

Not even a story

It is truth

I saw my Hari.

17.kubja

My love

is fire

I have lost my wings

In it.

Burned myself

In it.

To fill my being

With your music

My mind

Became yamuna.

You,

The blue kadamba tree

On its banks

My mind,sky

And you

The dark cloud

On its bosom.

My desire for truth

Stifled a cry

I have lost

My identity

In you

Your touch

Burned my body.

Eight curves

In my body

Straightened.

In my mind’s pond

You bloom,

A blue lotus.

In you

yellow stamens

shine

as garments.

heart

A golden ocean

Words

Cant enter

In it

And I have

Become you.

In a fire

Of love

We have fallen

Closing

Our wings.

18.Messenger and message

you never came

I waited

In silence

In gokul

And thought

You will come.

In to my silence

Into my loneliness

You came

A rich shower

of naada

And swara.

You sent Udhav

To see my mind

My weaknesses

My strengths

He saw your sign

In me

In my life

And work.

In my heart

In my soul.

The secret I kept

Is no more

Secret.

Why did you engrave

Your signature

In my mind’s

Palmleaf?

How did you fill

This conch

With

Your pranava?

Your lovely presence

Made my race

Purest.

All of us dance

To your rhythm

Offer our lives

To you

As sweet nothings

When we fill

Our minds
With nectar
Of poetry
I dry my eyes
Enjoy melody
Of life.
I wait in all
Even in kubja
You call me to
Heavens
And starry beds
Where I see
Timespace
As bubble
And you
Within
My heart.
The heart’s lotus
May fade
Disappear
In timespace
Fragrance in it
Spread
And live forever

The words

I engrave

Last forever

Because

You are

Beyond timespace

Eternal

What I utter

What I engrave

What I heard

Is you

And yours

And is

Eternal’

In our rasleela

Dark nights come down

As long hair

Of Radha

In your leela

Rain falls

As drops of sweat

Your learned message

Fills me with

Ecstacy

Eternal santhi

This will last

Forever

The message

Engraved within

By your pen

Is known

To udhav

Your messenger

It has become eternal.

What did you

Tell him

“My Radha,

my beloved

my friend

who knew

my”silent love”

I hear the message

In silent sky

.when shall we meet?

When this body

The wall between us

Fall?

I wait for that day.

When I merge with you

There will be only “I”

People call it death

For me

It is life

Eternal life

Within you

Within me

For that day

I engraved

Your image

On body,this wall.

Keep mind pure

Your home.

I grow tress

Of scince,arts

Veda and ethics

Aesthetics

Anesthetics

In its courtyard,

Kalpa trees

Of intelligence

Shower flowers

In your path

When you come

In each janma

.In death

the final layana

we know each other

my creativity became

your flute

in your thought’s pyre

my bodyconsciousness lost

I become pure athma

Pure sathi

Of pure sath

Your message became

Ecstacy of

Eternal

Love!

AN OFFERING BY BALAMANI AMMA

Dr Suvarna Nalapat

“ Unfortunately we have had to leave some important selections out because the translations ‘failed’…very reluctantly we had to abandon the effort to translate BalamaniAmma ,a major Malayalam poet of the 1940’s and 50’s because her grand public verse about motherhood presupposes an ethos we found difficult to recreate in the context of few poems and a short biography”(Preface XX11-XX111 Women writing in India 600 BC to the present vol 1 ,Ed Susie Tharu and K.Lalitha)

This is my humble attempt to do the impossible,as an offering to Balamani Amma who initiated me into the beauties of poetry and fantasies.She was not just a poet who celebrated motherhood,but had a very high philosophical and social message in her poems.Simply because of that ,I felt I should translate at least some of them,for the coming generations ,who cannot read Malayalam.

1.An old woman

Unni playing in sand

Dawn’s sunshine

Around.

The old woman came near

Telling sweet stories.

She made canals in mud

With her nails

Boats with dry leaves
Palace with twigs
King with a wood-piece
Queen with stone.

Unni laughed
His eyes sparkled.
For him
She is not a mad begger woman
A grandmother
Who knows secrets of
Child's play.

She told Unni
Children threw stones
Injured her
Women removed clothes of hers
Why nieclothes for a mad one!
Her hungry children died.
Unni's face reddened
Lips quivered
His breath was hot.
Her eyes
That never saw kindness before
Brightened
As moonshine.

Xxx xxxx xxxx

Noon..

She came to kitchen door

Calling

Where is unni?

Call him,I want to see.

I remembered kindly

She had been his playmate once.

She came and sat below the mangotree

Unni kept food in his pockets

Just for her

They enjoyed fragments of days

In childish plays

I told her

He is in town

Studying.

The face darkened

“Will come before Vishu”

Xxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

The bygone year’s chariot wheels

Rolled and spread

As voice of crackers.

The old woman came
Shaking and crying
“Where is Unni ,mine?”
Unni was with guest
His classmate
Eating niceties
Thinking about art programmes
In words sour and hot
New knowledge around.

He opened the window a little
Light spread outside
A fiery look he threw out
And a harsh word
“what nuisance!”

Far off,
A cracker burst
Burnt
With shaking legs
She returned
In my hands
A coin shivered!

2.Doves

Doves whisper

In my roof

When wind’s heat decrease

Shadows increase.

I saw them in temple yards

When winds awoke

And earth cool.

Slowly moving in white sands

Strong anklets in legs

Unable to fly.

Some like fragments of sky

Blue

Others lovely

As white lily blossoms.

I called out

“My new house near fields

I will feed you with grains

A nice cage at housetop

New and safe for you

Come ,come”

Poor birds

They left waving

Wings .

They are children of purity

Not searching grains in a houseyard

Where dirt accumulate

With just a light rain.

My house is old now.

In every nook and corner

Footprints of bygone era.

Many rains washed the yard clean

Now they have come,

The universal travelers of peace.

They occupied this

Senile bamboo cage’s housetop

And ring out “OM”

Giving bliss.

3.The lantern

Lantern,

Wonderful essence of

Dawn and twilight

That flicker in world’s corner

The finger of consciousness

That points to path of bliss.

Do not look down

At shadows spreading

Cold beds around.

Let smokeless light pleasing

Raise from your bud’s

Atoms of wisdom.

And flow to far off places.

Let the hands

That poured oil

And lighted wicks

Be any one’s.

Its aim

Be a laugh at

Darkness’s rush.

Forest winds shake

Body dried

Soul shivered

Let not a cinder

That can burn cities

Be formed in you!!!!

4.Group song

Fire-glow

Of yuga’s dawn

Reach unseen.

Move,our chariots

In glowing morning sunlight

Through fields fullgrown

And mountains stream-flown

Chariots,fly and move

Through peaceful heights

Enjoying humanities life-force

Know the ecstacy of God.

5.I saw Krishna

“Who has seen Krishna?

On earth?

What is in a temple?

No God .

Just imagination”

“Truth is only that is seen

Say intelligentia.

Man may kill

Or give food to ant.

What is seen by an ant?”

“Can the unseen truth
Be seen in stone-image?
Can it be caught in nets
Sewn of songs
And vain stories!”

“His form like lightening
Fades upon eyes
Stays in memory
Shadows fall
In stone,pages and songs”

In that quarrel
Intervened an old maid
A servant with
Milky white hair
Broom in hand ,
A grandmother.

“I have seen,
See every day,
Dark Kannan.
At end of night
He comes out
Of the lighted temple.

Kind eyes,

Clothed just like Unni,

Flute in hand,

Naughty boy.

Wandering and

Entering homes.

When footsteps fall

Tender red leaves

Fruits and flowers appear.

Wherever eyes fall

Eight prosperities shine.

Cows flow nectar-milk

Hearing that music.

Mukthi tothose

Touched by his breath.

People whose eyes fall

On nothing else

See and enjoy

Kannan.”

When she recited her

Own experience

Bright-eyed,passionate

We ,with our arguments

Looks on ,spell-bound!

6.Brahmamuhoortham

When I awoke

In early hours

You were asleep

Covered in soft blue silk

I enjoyed the sweetness in your heart

The beauty of speedless moments.

Your breath,fragrance

Of peace

On my head,

I remembered a sea ,waveless

Each duty seen as vain,

immerse in bliss

consciousness of

absolute truth!

When you are awake,

And smile at me

I get up,and run

As in yesteryears

On dining table

Pots bright in sunlight

Toys different around!

7.Wave of bliss

Pleasure,

The golden wave moving,

Untouched by hands

Is water,

Spreading cold,around

A swimming body.

One who knows this

Is ecstatic

Has known bliss!

8.One among a crore.

You awoke,

Flower,

Internalizing dawn

Swaying,straightening

Counting fingers

In flowing water

Before raising folded hands to darkness

Realise,

You are only

One among a crore!

9.Sin

(About assassination of Mahathma Gandhi)

You faded years before.

Your form faded away from memory.

Charkkaas broken.

Idle in house corners.

People listen to

Himsa’s success roars.

I remember the day you left,

I was standing by ocean shore.

Racing waves

Fearing night

Flowing blended with blood.

Tear-worn ,supplicating,’

I saw my feet too

Immersed in that

Red water!

10.Angel

You have nested in me!

Your downfeathers dropped

My head whitened

Welcome,old age,

You are not

Carnivorous eagle,

But prosperous dove!

When time came,

You arrived searching for

My soul

From unknown far-away fields

From gardens where life’s dreams bloom

Like a singing bird

In bygone spring.

Day of birth

Sown these seeds

Fruits in the minute worlds

And angel,you came

To give those fruits

Sweetless,sourless!

Those who love life

And the world

Desire to see you.

When you come with

Soft silent steps

Routine paths

Become beautiful

Fragrance of bliss

Spread in air

Bygone days rush

At glass doors.

Make nest in my forehead

Give shadow to brain

That is hot with

Moving wheel of world.

In tear-dried lean cheek

Make deep canals

With your nails.

Close ears and prevent

Cruel gossips and arguments

Remove hardness from mouth

Rest work-worn limbs.

But do not conquer

The eyes,

Enjoying eternity in

Books ,children

And the dawn.

11.When sunlight fades

Chidaathmika,

Who awakened my body

In life’s dawn,

Who gave

Heat and pleasures

Of human relationships

Through mother’s milk,

Secrets which kept

Time’s essence

As beautiful colours

And sounds

In me!

Mother,

Who cooled my heart,

With sky blue

Earth green

In noon’s heat.

When twilight’s shadows

Fall on me

Your touch is soft.

Your smile attractive.

Your call rise

Dearest of all calls!

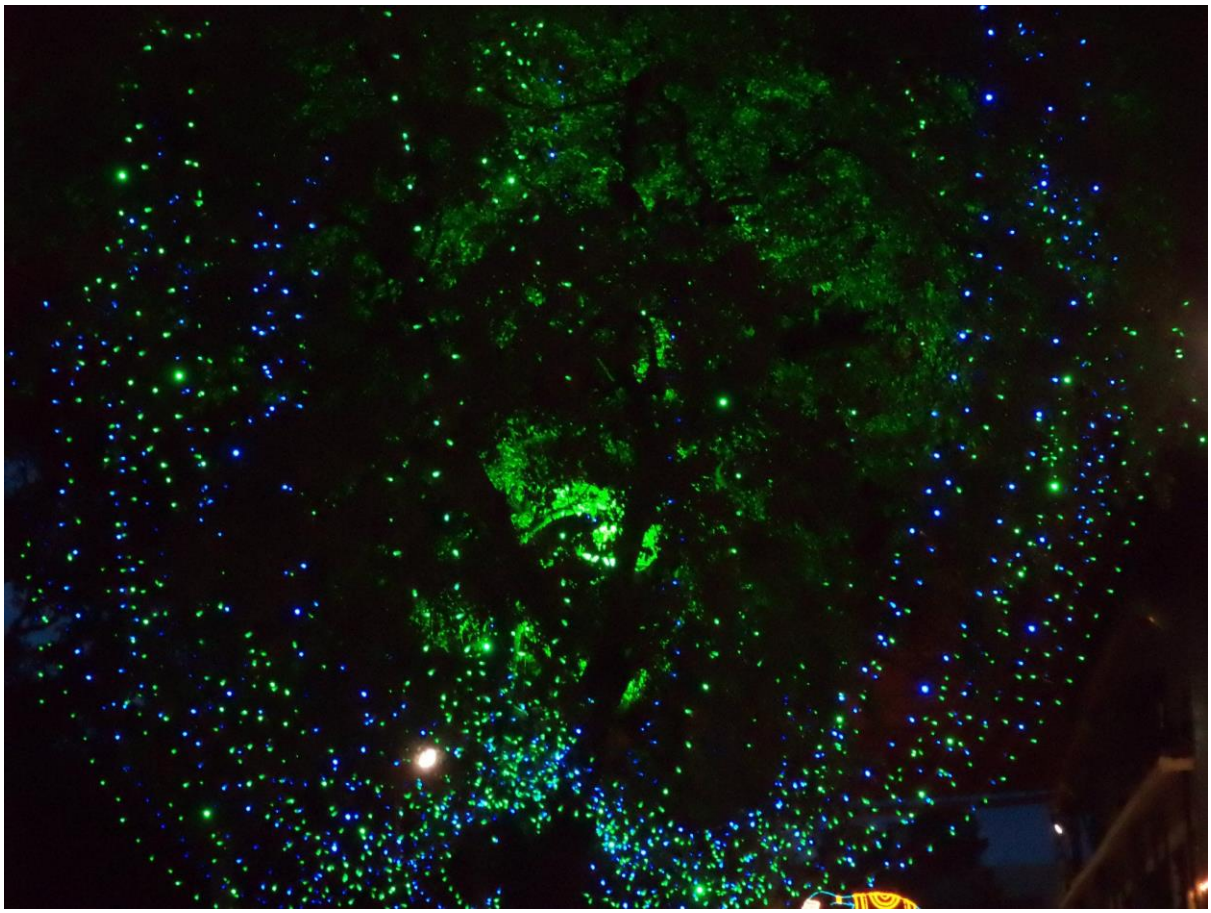
When darkness engulfs

You will be near

To light twilight wicks

And to burn stars!

12.Song of bliss



With snow-clad mountains

Watching sky-heights

With crashing waves

Breaking objections

With heated trees

Trying to spread shadows below

With countless life-atoms

Drinking,enjoying heaven’s lights

With birds flying

And singing above the peace of the green

With perceptions dear

Dancing in sensory fields

Uniting earth and sky….

Is it me?

Or the eternal bliss of the world?

13.Soul’s nest

With which call

Did I come?

While measuring sun’s path

Both wings tired

Primal nest,

Your open door

And soft blue bed

Eyes see!

14.Gurupoornima

Around this spreading night

My imaginations fly

Again and again.

How fragrant

The flowers offered

By world!

Today,

Earth mother’s heart opens,

To flow paraa bliss

In moonshine

Oceans chant the veda

World is in Samadhi.

Himalayan peaks and

City-dwellings

Receive on foreheads

Blessings of sacred Guru alike.

Beaches vast

With fishermen’s huts

Markets laughing at famines

Immerse in flowing love

Of liberated souls!

Salutations to you,

Great men and women,

Bodied,disembodied!

Knowingly immersed in the waves

Soldiers lay down arms,

Sick sleep painless

Sinners searches lost laws

Earth’s best imaginations

Progressing through

Three yaamaas,

Your purity spreads

In sky

Softness vibrates

In air!

Eternally hungry children

Of earth

Carrying war,pain,despair

Open their heart’s buds.

Let ecstacy drops ,peace

For tomorrow

Be lingered on them!!!

15.Light of God

Where moments

Pure,bliss-tied

Dance and flow

Like streams

Where forest trees

That gave shades to

Sages of foregone era

Gives eternal green

To every thought,

Where truth-seeking pragna

See warring cruelty

As vehicle of kindness,

Where fellow beings seen as

God-consciousness

Decorating Adiprakrithi,

Wish-fulfilling Dharma,

Thy Jyothi,

May raise me

To the heights !

16.Eternity

Snow drips deep into soil

Stars fade

Day merge in night

Eyes reflecting earth
Close again,
I hang on
To eternity's edge.

Each thought weightless
Touch and fly
Pure bliss
Blue bright sky
Limitless consciousness fields
What else beyond ?
Can there be life
Without birdsongs
Leafy colours
New paddy smells
Honey sweet
And touch of infants?

Imagination enjoy
In life of famous bright worlds
In stories of afterbirths
Germinated in bright light
It cannot know
Absolute darkness.
Transcending time-space
One becomes

Unmanifested atom

Of creation.

Today’s lamplights

Cannot reach there!

But I am not a body

But Athma,

I am not going to dust

Tomorrow,

I live forever!

17 Soham

Life-flower
Blossoming with
Thousand petals,
Thousand colours
Each day drips honey in you
Your fragrance spreads around
As universe,
In secrecy of your stem beneath
Beats the creator's murmer,
"soham,soham".

When devas and asuraas
Come to gather honey from you,
In quarrelling rushes
Petals fade in heat,
Shadows shorten
Dustwinds blown
From beyond
Expanse of poverty,the absolute chants
"soham ,soham"

When bright worlds open,
At end of day,
Airfields spread
Silk beds
Tired flies vanish

Santhi’s music

Around

“soham,soham,”

Its waves

Embraces countless

Life-flowers!!!

18.To fields

Heaven’s lights
In eyes,heart and feet
And around.
Sunrays,heaven’s fingers
Extend to souls
While life
Closing light-wings
Stand near fields,
For a moment,
Tired from running
Through worlds
Of iron and thunderbolts,
No buildings to block view
Here lies an expanse
Praised by eternal lights
Singing ,
Creation’s seed-songs.

Vanish,
The screams of machines
Enchained by men,
Hear,
Infant’s soft wails from huts,
Awaken,
Consciousness,

For dead
Memorials namesake built,
For God
The embodied earth
Golden temples built

How many seedlings
Future's destroyed
By snow,rain,whirlwinds!

Paddy sings,
"Prosperity grows,
Matures,bear fruits
Only in kindness,wet".

Plants whisper
The Bhagyasooktha,
To those who cut their heads
"Let us gain worth with
Those who battle with life
To grow us
By sacrificing us".
Shanthi grew from fields
We turned and lost sight
Of fruits

On our upturned heads..

Fields,
Earth’s upturned plates
In them sunlight boiled
The hunters of primal forests
Threw away weapons
Cattlegrowing wanderers
Built homes around.

We,
To raise from
Dirt of fields
To sew wings of currency
Cross universities,
Research centers
Money markets
Art galleries
Churning life’s truths
For new era
Movements even to
Brambles
In progress!

The fields call us,
When hungry.

To blossom lands

To make gains fruitful,

In this colourless earth

Innocents

Still continue

Sathwik sacrifices.

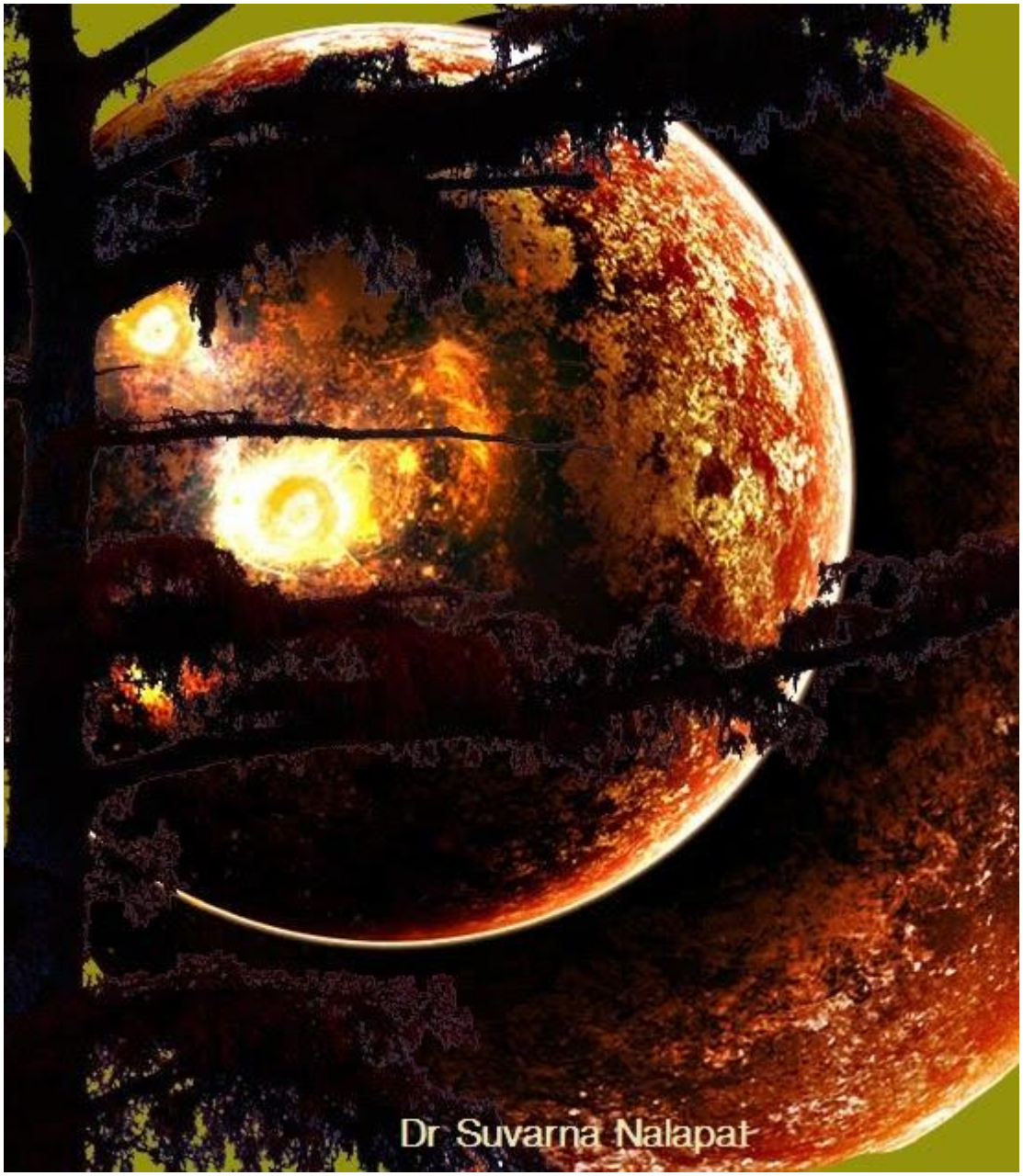
In it rooted

Civilizations

Rising to moon

Are still preserved!!!

19. In space



Birth's golden dreams

carry me to

moon's yards.

I rise,

touching Sun's sari,

lovely ,

hanging in spacetime.

lokking down,
earth,
you beneath
like a spinning top.
what joy!!

I could get away from
your hands
and play above!
I,
turned away
from pleasures vain,controlled senses,
awakened with effort,
abilities of body,mind,soul.
for gaining truth .

What else except Tapas
help man
to find truth?
My sadhana is not in
forlorn forests
not among machines,
new world's inner nerves.
Burning in dry prathibha
earth's unending wealth

takes form as blessings.

I have desires
man's body being anthills
Made of them.
Even in beauteous eternity's
waving dusts
of creativity
Heart desires to sleep.
A fortnight in
moon's cold night
in earth's light,
to search and find
the secret door
Of Indra's palace
With heavy walls around.To measure heat
and cold
In Mercury moving quick,
To search seeds of life
In colourful Mandala
Of Mars
and its mountainous mouths.
To know the one
blowing and growsing
White bubbles of
planets and stars!

If not to enjoy lives
from those open flowers,
Creator,
Why should you open wings
through us,
These paradise-lost people!
Thirst for sweet waters
of that home,
where dear ones wait
weightless body tired in karma,
yet thoughts untired
prajna bright,
imaginations watching
with future-turned telescopes
Men who have forgotten weapons
of destruction,
and made solar system,
Their nation.

To the women
(Balamani Amma)

Yesterday,
you were lighting lamps
to remove darkness of near
and dear,ghee-wicks spread

lights in temples
in kitchen,
and bedrooms.
None saw the face of the one
who lighted the lamp.
Face turned down,
the kumkum alone sparkled!

Today,
you light electric lamps
in reading rooms,
homes,roads,factories
offices
for neighbours
for the world.
Face upturned
you extend hands
which like sunrays
spread your inner light
of knowledge!